Human Boys (And Their Wendigo Fathers)

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Human Boys (And Their Wendigo Fathers)

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

“Papa?” Little Human – or Little Will as Hannibal dubs him in his mind - asks.
Will startles out of his shock. He blinks then blinks some more. The resemblance between them is uncanny.
“Well, fuck,” Will exclaims, glaring at Hannibal. “Give a guy a little warning next time! You don’t just spring a child on someone.”
Little Will steps closer, eyes tracing over his father's face. “You look just like me…”
“You mean without the hooves and talons?” Will answers wryly. “And let’s not forget the giant rack of antlers.”

Or,
Remember how Margot and her baby escaped Muskrat’s Farm earlier in the series? Well, said baby grows into a young man curious about his parentage and comes looking for his father. It’s safe to say, Hannibal is not happy about this large, human shaped reminder of Will's past dalliances.

Notes

I'm so amazed by the amount of kudos, comments and love I've been getting for this series. Thank you to all my readers. You inspired me to make this wendigo AU into a series.

IMPORTANT - Set around eighteen years after "Death and Darkness." Wendiga = baby wendigo because gaga makes me think of babies. Hence, wendi-ga.
Wendish = wendigo language

See the end of the work for more notes

--18 years later--

Humans are incredibly foolish, Hannibal muses to himself as he hears the familiar thump of footsteps. The kind of loud stomping only humans make because of the heavy encasing on their feet. If that isn't enough of a give away, the tell-tale short pauses in between each step indicate very clearly that a large two-legged creature is approaching.

Hannibal grins, baring his sharp teeth. These are the good days. The days where he doesn't have to wander far from the cave for food. His meal literally stumbles its way up to his home.

In times of old, Hannibal would have preferred a nice old fashioned hunt. He'd start with the tracking of a human scent, then the trailing of the prey to their little lights. (*Camp, Hannibal. Jesus, how many times to do I have to tell you? It's called a camp*). He'd bide his time, waiting, waiting for night to fall and then he'd slowly pick them off one by one. Hannibal liked giving the humans enough time to gather their weapons and scramble after him. He would hide behind the trees and listen to the humans quick little pants and smell the terror reeking off of them. Only when they finally let their guard down would Hannibal spring. After each kill, he would take the time to close his eyes and store every individual smell and scream into his memory for later enjoyment. Now though, with Will asleep in their cave, making those soft little grunts in his sleep, Hannibal has found a different noise he'd rather listen to. Screams and cries still held their appeal but they were nothing compared to the sweet melody of Will breathing, sniffing, snoring, growling – just *living,* living his life out beside Hannibal. So, no, the long drawn out hunt no longer entertained him as it once had. A quick meal is now more Hannibal's style.

It brings his Will endless amusement to know that he has fundamentally changed Hannibal in this way. Made him softer, more sentimental. Hannibal thinks it's more logical than that. Before, hunting humans was his only form of entertainment. Well, that and spending time with his sister. But now, with Will, there is an infinite number of more pleasurable things that could be done. Things like bathing, scenting, cuddling, wrestling and, which the first four always seemed to lead to, mating.

"Are you kidding me? More trees?" A low voice utters, followed by the sound of branches being whacked. "You just had to live in the middle of buttfuck nowhere, didn't you?"

The human is closer. Hannibal crouches down on all fours, preparing himself for a quick spring. He doesn't want the human to have the chance to run. Doesn't want to have to chase after him, leaving Will and his soft sleep noises behind. Hannibal takes a deep breath and centres his body. He flexes his claws, tests the muscles in his legs and bows his head so his antlers are in perfect skewing position.

Another crash. There's a flash of skin as a hand pushes its way out of the underbrush. A leg follows, then two arms - *steady, steady, wait for him to see*. Hannibal likes it when the humans catch sight of him. That way he can watch the terror flit into their eyes for the briefest of seconds before he rips out their throat.

The human freezes. *Yes, that's it.*

Hannibal shifts forwards, muscles straining with anticipation, waiting for the terror filled "help!" or "God, please no!" or "monster!"

Will has only really explained the meaning of the last word and Hannibal loves it. Monster: A giant, frightening creature. The flesh and blood of nightmares. How fitting. In fact, Hannibal enjoys the word so much that Will has taken to calling him it affectionately. *My monster.*

The human's mouth parts and Hannibal waits for the shout, for the lovely word.

What comes out instead is, "Papa?"

Hannibal's head tilts to the side with a confused grunt. A new human word. He will have to ask Will about it. He hopes it means something terrifying. Hannibal growls, straightening up to his full height, preparing for the lunge.

"A-are you Will?"

Hannibal halts, his entire body freezing. That name is a liability. Every time it is uttered, Hannibal goes stock still. It will get him killed one day. A Will on the wind during battle will render him motionless. He will be slaughtered because of his tender heart.

Hannibal curiously eyes this human and the trembling gun in his hand that is aimed at him. The bullets are the special kind. The only ones that can pierce his thick skin. Hannibal knows this because he recognizes the kind of gun that can bring a wendigo down; remembers the shape, the black-grey colour, the scent of it intimately well. This human must be a hunter. An inexperienced one but a hunter all the same.

Hannibal slowly shakes his head. The human's lips tighten. His eyebrows scrunch together, his eyes burning intensely and the look is so familiar. The spitting image of his Will. Come to think of it, that fur on his head is similar too. Curly, thick locks. Like the Will of old. Human Will.

"Do you know where he is?"

Hannibal's breath softly hitches, his mind flashing back to that conversation from so long ago. *Little human*, Mason had said. Will had had a *little human* with another. From what Hannibal could gather it was like the human equivalent of a wendiga. The product of a union. Hannibal bares his teeth as he remembers the word *fucking* along with Mason's demonstration. So, this little human was born from parts of both parents after...a mating ritual. Except, this human didn't look like anything but Will. His partner virtually non-existent. It takes Hannibal's breath away.

Suddenly, it's like their first meeting all over again. Will with his large, terror filled eyes, looking at him but not seeing him. Off somewhere else in his mind, a place that reeked of death and blood. Hannibal had sensed the void; so very dark and engulfing and he wanted to know so much more.

"Hey! Hey, back up! I said back *up!"* Hannibal blinks, finding himself inches away from the little human. The cold barrel of the gun is pressed under his chin. The human is positively

quivering and Hannibal realises that his wendigo nose is angled towards the human's neck as he scents him. The wendigo immediately steps back, raising his talons upwards in the way Will once did after he threatened to take Hannibal's kill. *Peace. I mean peace.* The human nods, more comfortable now with the extra distance between them. For a moment, Hannibal thinks of killing him, this reminder of a time when Will wasn't his. It would be easy, quick, his mate would never have to know. Looking into that familiar face made it impossible though. It would feel too much like killing Will and Hannibal could never harm his Will, let alone kill him.

"Will! I want Will! Show me Will!" The little human orders gruffly, trying to sound strong and tough. It's so endearingly familiar that Hannibal can't help but grin. The human does a double take at the sight of Hannibal's sharp teeth, heart thudding frantically in his fragile chest. The wendigo immediately closes his lips.

Hannibal hesitates, feeling wary of letting Will near a gun that could render him unconscious or worse but he knows Will would never forgive him for keeping his own offspring from him. Besides, based on the trembling finger on the trigger and the constantly shifting gun barrel, Hannibal can tell this human is not good at weapons. Hannibal could incapacitate him in an instant.

Hannibal points at the spot the human stands. *Stay.* He then inches backwards, wearily eyeing the gun. He slips into the cave and kneels on the hard ground. Will is curled on a bed of leaves. Hannibal doesn't understand why he doesn't just sleep on the earth. Their bodies are designed for rough sleeping but Will always moans forlornly about some thing called a "mattress." Hannibal presses close behind Will, nuzzling at his neck. He's careful, having to be mindful of tangling their racks together now that Will has fully grown into his antlers.

The younger wendigo mumbles in his sleep, batting at Hannibal's side.

"Sleeping," he whispers in Wendish. "Later."

Hannibal nudges him, more insistent this time. Will rolls over.

"What the hell. It's not like I've got anything else to do today. Sleep can wait," Will says, raising his arms and wrapping them around Hannibal's neck.

The older wendigo pauses, taking a few extra moments to understand the meaning behind Will's words. His darling mate has a habit of mixing Wendish and English together and urges him to do the same. It's a compromise. That way they could both learn each other's languages. Equals in everything, Will always said. Although, admittedly, Hannibal was still quite bad English. He understood the basics in that he knew when humans were planning an attack, words like "shoot," "kill," "hunt" and "attack separately" rang bells. He also knew when Will was complimenting him, meanings for words like "hot," "sexy" and "strong" had immediately been filed away so Hannibal could internally preen at his own desirability. But the flowery language, the words that had no real use to him, words like "shoe," "boy" and "mattress" were easily forgotten. It wasn't like Will brought them up very often and besides, he found he was excellent at understanding Will from snippets of Wendish, a raise of his brow bone and the often sarcastic tone of his voice.

“Good morning, monster.”

Hannibal purrs at that, his talons slipping around Will’s back and hoisting him up. Will's legs reflexively wrap around Hannibal's waist and his nose buries into his neck, rescenting the area.

Hannibal stands to his feet and walks them out of the cave, Will still held snug in his arms.

“Okay, out in the woods. You’re feeling voyeuristic today. Daring, I like it.”

Will’s head tilts to the side, his nose wrinkling adorably as he sniffs.

“Mmm, and you brought breakfast too. Lucky me.” Will frowns, sighing heavily. “But they smell scared. You know how I feel about the food suffering, Hannibal.”

“Not food.” Hannibal places Will down and spins him around.

“Papa?” Little Human – or Little Will as Hannibal dubs him in his mind - asks. The name isn’t fitting, regardless. There’s nothing little about this human. He ought to be smaller for his age. Then again, Will said humans grow up faster than wendiga*. (We wendigos have centuries to live, Hannibal. Humans have a hundred years tops. They got to mature fast to make the most out of life.)*

“Papa!” Little Will says again, louder.

Will startles out of his shock. He blinks then blinks some more. The resemblance between them is uncanny.

“Well, fuck!” Will exclaims, glaring at Hannibal. “Give a guy a little warning next time! You don’t just spring a child on someone.”

Little Will steps closer, eyes tracing over the younger wendigo's face. “You look just like me…”

“You mean without the hooves and talons?” Will answers wryly. “And let’s not forget the giant rack of antlers.”

Little Will gives them both a puzzled look.

“English,” Hannibal reminds Will. “No Wendish.”

“Oh, erm. Hooves.” Will points to his legs. “Talons.” He gestures to his arms. “Antlers.” He touches his head. “Big difference.”

“Yeah,” Little Will breathes. “Mama always said you were a monster, but I had to see for myself. I had to *know.”*

Will’s face falls because while Hannibal loves the word monster, Will despises it. Will always says it reminds him of when he was still human. A time when he helped catch the monsters

instead of aiding them. Hannibal can feel the sadness emanating from his mate, the guilt. It makes Hannibal want to tear out this human's throat.

“Sorry?” Will tries with a wince.

“For the longest time I thought she meant figuratively. Like you were just an asshole, or you’d done some bad things and got thrown into jail but the stories she told me just didn’t add up. Mama said you wouldn’t tell where we were, no matter what Uncle Mason did. That you came back for us. *That you saved us.”* Will’s eyelashes flutter, his head ducking low in the way Hannibal knows means he’s embarrassed. “I did some digging at home and I found Uncle's huge collection of books on this thing called a wendigo. I’d also seen the giant cage before Mama ordered to have it torn down. She’d never told me what it was for though. Only that something dangerous got out and killed everyone on the farm. And I just knew. I knew but I still wanted to come find you. T-to thank you. For saving us.”

Will makes a choking sound. Not in the "I was swallowing human flesh too fast and now it’s stuck" bad way but the "my heart is in my throat" good way. Hannibal knows that if Will’s eyes still had the ability to water, they’d be trailing little rivers down his cheeks.

“Not the same now,” Will mutters hoarsely. “I do…bad things…to live.”

“I know,” Little Will replies. “I’ve read the books, remember. You eat people. You can’t help it.” He raises his arm. “That’s why I brought the gun.”

Will chuckles, watery and soft.

“I don’t care.” He pauses and looks contrite. “Well, I do but I try not to think about it too much.”

Will nods, knowing he can’t ask for much more than that.

“So, um,” Little Will gestures at Hannibal, a light blush on his cheeks. “What’s his deal? What’s he still doing here and why is he staring at us like that?”

“This is… my mate, Hannibal.”

“Oh, cool. So are you like mates as in friends or mates as in…?” Little Will trails off, searching for the right word.

Will smiles softly, wrapping an arm around Hannibal's waist and tugging him closer. “The latter.”

Little Will blushes. “Well, I guess that explains earlier then.”

Will gives Hannibal a sharp look that speaks volumes. *What the hell did you do to my kid? You came onto him, didn’t you? You thought he was me and you did your little sniffing routine.*

Hannibal meets Will’s gaze head on. *It could have been worse*, he communicates with a quirk of his lips. *I could have ate him. You should be glad sniffing is all I did.*

Will narrows his eyes.

The sweet aroma of two new humans suddenly wafts into Hannibal's nose. Most likely Little Will's companions. As much as he'd love a feast, he knows Will wouldn't approve. Best they hide away. He nudges his mate, indicating the air with his nose. Will sniffs, tenses and nods.

"Thank you for coming," Will trails off.

"It's Marcus," Little Will interjects. "Got to keep the family tradition alive, you know? Grandpapa was Molson, Uncle was Mason, Mama is Margot and now I'm Marcus."

Will tries to laugh but it comes out forced. He's upset. Hannibal can tell from the quiver in his lower lip. He doesn't want Marcus to go.

"Can I?" Will opens his arms, struggling with the words. He doesn't need them. Marcus moves close and suddenly the two are embracing. It's a bit awkward. Will delicately rests his talons on Marcus' shoulder, careful not to pierce his clothes or skin. Will's head is also angled backwards so his antlers won't get in the way but Hannibal can see how much this means to him. Will's eyes positively shine, face radiating happiness.

There's a shout, followed by another. "Oi Marcus, you out here?!"

"I gotta go! Bye papa." And Marcus is gone, disappearing into the underbrush as quickly as he appeared.

"Bye," Will whispers, response delayed. His arms are still outstretched as though he's still clutching onto his little human. He now reaches for Hannibal, wanting to fill the empty space in his arms. Hannibal can't deny his mate, not when he looks so soft and vulnerable. He bands his arms around Will and squeezes him tight. The pressure saying *I'm here. You're not alone*. Will rests his nose into the crook of Hannibal's neck, scenting his reply. *I know. We're here. Together.*

One day, maybe. One day Hannibal might find a way to give Will a wendiga of their own. But for now they have each other and that's enough.

End Notes

The End :)

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